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By FRANK P. MAC LEENAN.  
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Greece, at any rate, isn't superstitious. Her people are to vote on the question as to whether or not their nation shall enter the war on June 13.

Rebuffs are about the only things that the I. W. W. organizers are meeting with in the Kansas wheat centers. And they can't be made too strong. A few vigorous kicks, properly placed, might also well be footed out to them.

Protests against intervention by the United States in Mexico from the national executive committee of the Socialist party also suggest that if conditions in Mexico approach anything like the ideal Socialist state, no other one has any possible chance of being established any place on God's green footstool.

Fire Marshal Hussey's appeal that the celebration of the Fourth of July should be of the sane variety all over the state should be heeded. Topeka has given the same plan a thorough trial, and probably won't go back to the insane variety for something pretty. A Fourth of July celebration that maims many little children and kills a few has nothing to recommend it.

How they provide for their educational institutions in other states. A bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the purposes of the University of Illinois that had already passed that state's senate went through the house the other day by a unanimous vote. And the probabilities are that the laws of Illinois do not permit its governor to emasculate appropriation measures of this variety.

Governor Capper's investigation of alleged political rottenness in Kansas City, Kan., brings to light, among other things, that the campaign expenses of some of the successful candidates in the municipal elections there often run to high figures. So have the campaign expenses of some of the successful candidates for state offices, and sometimes they've run even higher when candidates for such honors have been unsuccessful.

#### THE YOUNG MAN'S CAPITAL.

Young man, don't lament because you were not born into this world with a silver spoon in your mouth, writes John A. Schleicher, in Leslie's. Don't worry because you do not have a rich father. Don't grieve over the thought that poverty is your worst handicap. The most successful captains of industry in this country came into the world as poor as you are, some of them much poorer, but they had plenty of capital of the best kind. If you haven't it, it is probably your own fault. Better than money and inheritance, a settled income or a bank account for the young man who wishes to succeed in business is his health. That is the foundation of all things substantial and real in life so far as happiness is concerned. If, together with health, you have character, intelligence, industry and politeness, you have the things that constitute the most valuable capital with which to start upon your business career. Every moment you spend repining over your condition and envying the success of others, or in anxiety because you do not move as fast as some one else who had a better start, is a wasted moment. Think of the successful men who started as you are starting. Judge Gary, head of the most important Steel Corporation, was a farmer boy; A. Barton Hopburn, the eminent New York banker, was a school teacher; John D. Rockefeller was clerk in a grocery; Andrew Carnegie, a telegraph operator; Henry C. Frick, master builder of the steel industry and possessor of one of the finest art galleries in the world, worked on a farm during vacation to get money with which to make his start; John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, was a struggling salesman in the early days of the oil excitement in Pennsylvania; and Frank A. Vanderbilt, president of one of the greatest banks in New York, was a newspaper reporter in Chicago. These are not solitary examples. You can find them all about you in every community. It is the common history of near-

ly every successful business man in the United States. Think of these men. Emulate their example. You have all that they had when they started, perhaps more, so you start even. Young men, it is for you to start fresh, buoyant, hopeful, healthful and happy, on the highway that leads to success. Start right.

#### BRYAN CONSISTENT BUT WRONG.

No doubt about the consistency of Mr. Bryan. His proposal to talk over all phases of the Lusitania matter with Germany for a full year, if necessary, and in the meantime have the United States formally and emphatically warn all of its citizens not to take passage on any belligerent ships or even American ships that may carry contraband is merely in keeping with the precedents he established in respect to the Mexican situation. He has been free with his warnings that Americans should leave Mexico and has even insisted that any Americans who might elect to go to Mexico would do so at their own risk. This, however, is a plan for a nation to protect the lives and the rights of its citizens in foreign countries that is entirely original with the Nebraska statesman. How far would civilization have spread its beneficent wings had such a method always been in general practice among the nations of the earth?

#### THE NOTE TO GERMANY.

Surely the explosion of the Bryan bomb was premature and also uncalled for. It seemed to forecast that the second note of the United States to Germany relative to the slaughter of the innocents aboard the Lusitania was a pronouncement bristling with threats of war. Such is not the case. In no sense can it be construed even as an ultimatum of finality. It may lead, of course, to a break with Germany. But such a break might not necessarily mean war between the United States and Germany, unless Germany should go so far as to be the mover in declaring such a war. Nor does it follow that President Wilson would call congress together and ask for a declaration of war against Germany if the assurances we demand are not given. In such an event, and a possible consequent rupture of our diplomatic relations with Germany, the president undoubtedly has plans of procedure and reprisals other than those of actually engaging in war. But these are exigencies of the future.

The note, as a matter of fact, is merely another firm assertion that the rights of our citizens be respected on the seas. It presses home in unmistakable language the purport of the first note in the premises that President Wilson penned and Bryan signed as secretary of state. It asks assurances of Germany that these rights shall be recognized. This is the essential point of the first note that the German navy dodged when it agreed to become Germany's move. But she must make her position and intentions plain. It would seem that she must now reply definitely to our paramount interrogation. And this apparently was the thorn in the note for Mr. Bryan. But what would he have? Would he discuss the Lusitania affair with Germany for a year, if needs be, and in the meantime have us sit supinely by and have our neighbors, who did not see fit to heed his warnings to keep out of the war zones, murdered in as ruthless a fashion as were the victims of the torpedoing of the Lusitania? Such a method of procedure would be intolerable. Its mere suggestion savors of puerility.

And the activities of Mr. Bryan since his retirement from the cabinet approach the unpardonable. If ever there were a time when the people of these United States should stand unitedly behind their president, that time is now. He should be followed by them into whatever ditch he may lead. The controversy with Germany is the nation's, not the president's. His position demands that he lead the way. The requirements of the occasion peremptorily order the people to follow him. The great bulk of them are in a mood to do so. The unanimity and alacrity with which the people as a whole have endorsed the position the president has taken with Germany, and the emphatic way in which they have made known their intentions of following him wherever he shows the way, indicate, and conclusively that they appreciate their responsibilities.

Notable in support of the president have been the great newspapers of the United States, regardless of their political affiliations; many of them, too, favoring a party strenuously opposed to the administration's politics. At this critical hour the secretary of state, who should be the first and foremost to uphold and strengthen the hands of his chief deserted him in a moment. The erstwhile patriotic Mr. Bryan runs lower his volubility in an effort to divide the people into contentions camps on a question that is so vital to the substance of the nation that it is one on which sides can hardly be taken. He would have them, or as many as he can cajole with his glib tongue, deny their own voice, or recant. For Woodrow Wilson, our president, is now speaking for the whole people, not for himself. Does not the attitude of Mr. Bryan border on the traitorous? And what a spectacle it is for one man to assume unto himself proportions that are larger than those of his country!

Another mystery is as to why Mr. Bryan should be receiving congratulations from any one over his effort to scuttle the ship of state while it is sailing on such a perilous voyage?

Possibly they are finally touching the fountain head of the inefficiency of our navy in the investigation now in progress at Annapolis on the premise of wholesale cheating on the

part of the midshipmen at their examinations. If such a practice has been general at the Naval academy it is too much to expect that young men, who would indulge in such dishonesty, should develop into efficient officers. Their duties as such would more than likely be discharged in a slovenly and careless manner.

Faderewski also appears to be overlooking a golden opportunity in his efforts, to raise funds to alleviate the suffering of the noncombatants in Poland. He might divert himself of his unique bizarre appendages and auction them off. The imagination is not elastic enough to contemplate the prices that the sentimental ladies in this country among the legions of his musical admirers would be willing to pay for a hair or two from his head.

There will also be plenty of eager mouths in other lands to assist in the eating of the billion bushel wheat crop that is in prospect for these United States.

#### Journal Entries

Good advice is generally the variety that you dispense.

If you are not willing to stand criticism, don't give any.

Few people ever get more than they are willing to go after.

A lot of loafing on the job is also done by the dove of domestic peace.

What an enormous volume of bunc is paraded under the guise of political righteousness.

#### Jayhawker Jots

Love is a game of auction, observes the Penitentiary Bulletin, in which hearts are frequently outbid by diamonds.

In the Kansas unusual name contest, the Wudthke family of District 79, Lyon county, ought to win one of the medals.

It is almost time, thinks the Osborne County Farmer, for another law partner of Abraham Lincoln to pass away in Kansas.

No matter how insignificant a man may be, says the Esbon Times, he is firmly convinced that he will some day be recognized.

Young man, advises the Cedar Enterprise, beware of the dear girl who tells you she's all the talking during courtship. She's playing a waiting game.

It is well to remember, urges the Mankato Advocate, that at your funeral the preacher may throw this hearty greeting wide open to you, but St. Peter has the last word and you haven't fooled him.

We protest against the use of poisonous gas in the war, says the Cimarron Freeman, and it adds: It does just as much good for us to protest as for any one else, so why not protest while the protesting is good?

The Alma Enterprise notes that the latest brain storm that Col. Payton of the colony Free Press sustained caused him to remark that Colony was a man who has eaten corn bread until the chinch bugs bother him worse than flies.

Some men seem to have been born with a touch for office, states the Mankato Western Advocate; it crops out on all occasions whenever there is an office, high or low, to be filled. If at first or tenth they don't succeed they try the next year, and the previous seven-year-itch is a mild malady in comparison.

Elephants are being trained in one of the big circuses to dance the tango and other frolics, and it adds: It is bad enough when foolish men and women give way to such a craze, but what harm have the elephants done that they should be compelled to do the same?

#### Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

A crooked attorney can be the worst crook.

A man usually deserves as much as he will stand.

A woman's tears do not amount to much; but they still scare the men.

There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't hold a job in real life.

When a man is overcome with heat while loafing he is always subject to suspicion.

When there is an accident, the people are not really indignant unless a lady is hurt.

Did a man ever hold stakes without making a remark about running away with the money?

Every mother of several children is pretty well qualified to serve on a grievance committee.

How little trouble and quarreling there would be if your enemies were only broad-minded like yourself!

Plain talk may be overdone; we used to know a teamster who seemed to regard the fighting word as a joyful greeting.

Some men believe that every day of their life the straw that broke the camel's back has just been placed on their shoulders.

#### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Honesty pays in the long run, but lots of people are merely sprinters.

When a man has a clear conscience he doesn't care if people do see through him.

When a man forgets he is a gentleman he can't very well blame his memory.

The man who gets the reputation of being a good talker is apt to be a poor quitter.

Whisky improves with age, in which respect it has something on the man who drinks it.

#### On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Is This Sarcasm, or What?  
Two female book agents were in town last week and succeeded in stringing a lot of suckers. A nifty young fellow, with a well-cut suit and a pair of shining shoes, was seen in the streets of the city.

On the Women's Clubs.  
We had an expert on intensive gardening before our club last evening.

Sounds Interesting.  
"Yes; he read a most instructive paper on how to raise a tulip in a tomato can."

An Imitation?  
Count Czaky prefers working in New York to living on the money of his rich wife. Something wrong with him. Maybe he isn't a real count.

Suffrage in Iowa.  
[From the Marshalltown Times-Republican.]

Monday R. F. Clark celebrated his forty-fifth birthday anniversary. His wife entertained a party of friends in his honor and presented him with a washing machine, wringer and boiler.

Overdoing the Thing.  
Not long ago our old home town of Mayville voted the saloons out, and now the village waterworks have gone dry—which is too much of a good thing.

Spelling when vegetation was parched and good people gathered at the church to pray for rain. Gentle petitions were sent up, but Deacon Strong was not satisfied, and in thunderous tones he bellowed for rain, more rain, and lots of it. Before the people could get home there came a cloud burst and water fell in torrents, carrying away the bridges, furling the hillsides and converting marker lines into rivulets, which destroyed the young plants. Deacon Strong was overdone. "Freaky old fool, he always overdoes it."

Hard to Catch 'Em at It.  
Eastern man has been arrested for heating a carpet. Believed to be the first time this has happened in the history of the world.

Strictly Neutral.  
The American concerns that are sending inferior supplies to the allies are showing their strict neutrality. They would have done the same thing to their own country.

#### Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

The Two Books.  
"I imagine music must make feelings and paint pictures in the minds of the people who hear it according to their own nature as much as according to the music itself. The musician might compose something wanting you to think of the Holy Grail and some people who heard it might think of a prayer meeting, and some would think of a good time, and it is just as much good for us to protest as for any one else, so why not protest while the protesting is good?"

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You never can tell. Many a man who boasts that he pays the bills goes in one of those slow-going fellows.

The fact that every cloud has a silver lining is poor consolation to a man after he gets wet to the skin.

Ennui isn't always contagious. Many a fellow does other people tired who is absolutely tireless in doing it.

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SPRING.  
Now the sprinkled blackthorn snow lies thick on the lawn.  
Where last year we used to go—  
Where we shall not go again.  
In the hedge the buds are new.  
By our wood the violets peer—  
Just like last year's violets—  
But they have no scent this year.  
Every bird has heart to sing  
Of its nest, warmed by its breast;  
We had heart to sing last spring.  
But never built our nest.  
Presently red roses bloom.  
Will make all the garden gay.  
Not yet have the daisies grown  
To the height of last year's day.  
—E. Nesbit in Harper's Magazine for June.

#### The Evening Story

Miss Hollyhocks.  
(By Carol Bain.)

The man with the easel placed it close to the fence so that he could look over the palings and down that rocky road to the cottage beyond the hollyhocks was quite hidden from view by the drooping branches of a chinaberry tree.

In the path the rows of hollyhocks stood a girl in a pink dimity frock. The skirt was frilled to the waist with tiny pink ruffles. A pink sunbonnet hid her face from the artist, opening his paint box. "I don't know what she's looking at, but she'll be here for some time longer."

With swift, sure strokes he outlined the girl's plant form in its green, hollyhock leaf. One slender, white hand and rounded wrist were stretched cautiously out, and one little foot in its high-heeled shoe appeared beneath the short skirt.

She scarcely seemed to breathe, and five minutes passed before he knew he was quickly while a great golden butterfly fluttered up and out of sight among the trees.

Even then she did not face him, but turned toward the cottage and vanished in a bend of the path.

Wade Newton breathed a sigh of satisfaction. "I've got her, all right," he chuckled. "Now for the hollyhocks with the sunshine on her frock I can work in afterward."

The afternoon passed and he saw no more of the girl in the pink gown. The next morning he was looking long and went back to his studio in the city.

The following winter Wade Newton's picture, "Miss Hollyhocks," carried off the coveted prize.

"But why won't you sell the picture?" insisted Henderson, lighting another cigarette.

Wade Newton glanced across his studio where "Miss Hollyhocks" was placed on an easel.

"It isn't a girl you know, is it?" went on Henderson, stroking his tiny mustache.

"You saw her face," said Newton. "Then why?"

"Because I have a curiosity to discover her for myself. Confidentially, Miss Hollyhocks brought me fame and a number of orders. I'm going to marry her some day."

"Idiot!" gibed Henderson drawing on his pipe. "But I suppose you can go down and find her in the old garden any time you please."

"I wish I could," returned the other with a sigh.

"What do you mean?"

"You know I was called abroad as soon as I finished that picture. When I returned I went immediately to Sleepy Valley, where I have a home, and upon the garden, but the girl and her people had vanished as the rose of yesterday. It seems they had only hired the place for three months and beyond learning that the name of Smith I came back as wise as I went."

"Smith! I like Miss Hollyhocks better," said Henderson. "Of course she might have been honest, but believe me, Wade, only a girl with a peachy complexion will guard it with a sunbonnet, the others don't care."

Newton laughed indulgently. "I believe the pink sunbonnet has set you to dreaming, too," he said.

"Will, yes; I'm off," said Henderson. "Write me when you find Miss Hollyhocks."

"I will," agreed Newton.

"How in thunder am I going to find her?" he asked himself, and put an advertisement in the paper: "Will Miss Smith, of Comfort Cottage, Sleepy Valley, who wore a pink sunbonnet and a frilly pink gown among the hollyhocks, please communicate with W. N.?" Lord! What an idiot I am after all!

He dismissed the picture and the unhappy girl from his thoughts and dressed for dinner. He had promised to dine with the Colemans, who had just returned from a year's travel abroad. Their daughter, Dorothy, had held Wade's heart in the hollow of her hand for many months, only she did not know it. Wade was not sure of it himself for his girl of the hollyhocks had intruded her mysterious personality every time confession hovered on the tip of Wade's tongue.

Of course this uncertainty of mind made him quite a wretched dinner. There were times when he vowed he would marry the girl of the hollyhocks and no other. But when Dorothy was near he thought of no one save her.

"Dorothy is in the library," Mr. Newton, said Mrs. Coleman as she greeted the painter. "She wanted me to send you to her as soon as you arrived. You must haste, for it is almost dinner time."

With a light step Wade entered the library and closed the door behind him. Then he stood as though paralyzed.

Over in the embrasure of the bow-window there stood a noble palm. In the shadow of it was a girl in a pink sunbonnet and a pink frilled gown. She might have stepped out of his picture!

"Who is it?" he asked quickly. She stood motionless, one slender white hand extended toward the palm leaves.

In three strides Newton had crossed the room and stood before her. He bent his head and peered around under the pink sunbonnet. A charming pink and white face, a pair of blue eyes and enticing lips. Newton kissed her then and there.

wore a white crepe de chine frock and she was pale—like a white rose. She did not return his smile, but her blue eyes were dark and shining. She evaded him the rest of the evening and he was compelled to go home looking forward to the morrow when he could take her in his arms once more. Before he slept that night he sent a telegram to Ned Henderson, in Chicago.

"Discovered Miss Hollyhocks. Ensnared. Confess to me."

But morning brought his perplexities—a letter from Dorothy Coleman, a piteous, tear-stained letter which he read with amazed disbelief.

She said that Ned Henderson had told her Newton had vowed to marry Miss Hollyhocks; so she had posed as Miss Hollyhocks in the library, knowing that the artist would be there, the original of his painting and the whole thing a mere trick of fate.

But she could not carry out the deception. She made this shamed confession and said she would rather not see him again.

For a long time Newton sat staring at the fire; then suddenly he went to the painting of Miss Hollyhocks and began to paint feverishly. Then he telephoned Mrs. Coleman and asked her to bring Dorothy to the studio. "And please, like the angel you are," he added, "give us a moment alone."

She laughed and promised. It was nearly noon when his Japanese servant admitted them to the long, dim room. Dorothy came in reluctantly, her face almost hidden by a white motor veil.

"I had hard work to get this child here," said Mrs. Coleman. "She pleaded a headache, but I told her the air would do her good. Now, I want to look over my shopping list for a moment."

She turned to a distant window and considerably turned her back. Newton took Dorothy's hand and led her to the picture on the easel. Miss Hollyhocks stood there, but her sunbonnet had fallen back on her shoulders and her profile was Dorothy's own, with the ripple of red-brown hair edging the temple.

"What have you done?" she whispered. He drew her closer so that she leaned against his broad shoulder.

"I painted in the face that is always in my heart—yours, Dorothy. You are Miss Hollyhocks—no one else could be, for I must keep my vow and adore the woman I married."

When Ned Henderson was asked to be Wade's best man he chuckled gleefully. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

#### Humor of the Day

"Driving a horse, eh? The horse is a back number." "So will that car be in another year."—Judge.

"Where does Miss DeMar get her complexion?" "It's a gift. Her sister married a druggist."—Buffalo Express.

Little Mothers of the Slums—"I wish you'd quit yer cryin', Violet. Yer face is gettin' all mudd'y."—Life.

"Is your husband an ag